

TRANSLATIONS  
CONCERT BY THE ORPHEUS CHAMBER SINGERS  
Unity House, Sunday, January 24, 1960, at 4 p.m.

Salve regina - Francis Poulenc

Hail! Holy Queen, Mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope.  
To thee do we cry, we banished children of Eve. To thee do we send up our  
sighs, mourning and weeping in this vale of tears. Turn then, most  
gracious advocate, thine eyes of mercy towards us. And - after this, our  
exile - show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus. O element, O  
loving, O sweet Virgin Mary!

O magnum mysterium - Francis Poulenc

O stunning Mystery, Incomparable secret thing,  
That brute beasts of the field should behold their Maker,  
A tiny Baby lying on straw.  
Happy Virgin, whose womb was worthy to bear Christ, the Lord

Hodie Christus natus est - Francis Poulenc

This day Christ is born, this day the Savior hath appeared;  
This day Angels are singing on earth, Archangels are rejoicing;  
This day the just are glad and say: Glory to God in the highest, alleluia.

Ave verum corpus - William Byrd

Hail true body (of Christ) born of the Virgin Mary  
Which truly suffered and was immolated on the cross for mankind  
From whose pierced side flowed streams of blood --  
Be for us a foretaste in the judgment of death.

O tender, O loving, O Jesus, Son of Mary  
Have mercy on me.

O quam suavis - William Byrd

O how gracious is Thy Spirit, O Lord! For to show Thy loving-kindness  
towards Thy children, Thou givest them sweetest bread from heaven, and  
fillst the hungry with good things. But the rich and scornful Thou send-  
est empty away.

Esultate deo - Alessandro Scarlatti

Rejoice in God our help, Alleluia  
Shout to the God of Jacob, Alleluia.

Sei Lob und Preis mit Ehren - J. S. Bach

Praise and Glory unto God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost  
Who multiplies in us what in His mercy He hath pledged;  
That we keep steadfast faith with Him,  
Depend upon Him utterly, rely on Him with all our hearts,  
That our heart, spirit and mind may cleave unto Him comforted,  
Then let us sing at this hour: Amen, we shall attain it  
If we believe from our inmost heart.

GARCIA LORCA:THREE POEMS FROM "POEMA DEL CANTE JONDO"\*1931

I - Arid Land

Arid land  
silent land  
of nights  
unending.  
(Wind in the olive groves,  
wind on the mountains).  
Ancient  
land  
of peasant lamp  
and of sorrow.  
Land  
of the deep, deep cisterns.  
Land  
of death, of eyeless death  
and of arrows.  
Wind through the highways...

II - Surprise

There he lay dead in the street  
with a dagger in his breast  
and he was known to no one,  
Oh, how the street lamp was trembling,  
Mother !  
Oh, how the little lamp was trembling,  
There in the street !  
It was early dawn. No one  
could look down into his eyes  
open to the hard, cold air.  
Yes, there he lay dead in the street  
with a sharp dagger in his breast  
and he was known to no one.

III - The Cry

The ellipse of a cry  
reaches from mountain  
to mountain.  
From the groves of olives  
it will be a black rainbow  
over the blue of night  
Ah!  
Like the bow of a viola  
the cry has made to vibrate  
long ovals of the wind  
Ah!  
People from the dark caves  
bring out all of their lamps  
Ah!